4626.

This belongs to the Chapter of

THE

# CUB,

is a Scrub

AT

# NEW-MARKET.

he does Jockey — it —!

[Price One Shilling.]

[Price One shilling.]

# THE TALISMAN.

## C Ω B.

THE

# THE

# CUB,

AT

# NEW-MARKET:

A TALE.

LONDON,
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*. MDCCLXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

# EDWARD

## Duke of YORK.

SIR,

PERMIT me to take this method of thanking your Royal Highneſs, for condeſcending to like the following Sketch. Or, in other Words, permit me to let the World know that this ſame Cub has been laughed at by the Duke of YORK;----has been read to your Royal Highneſs by the Genius himſelf, and warmed by the immediate beams of your kind Indulgence.

HAD

HAD I been able to conceal this, I ſhould have imagined that I had not the leaſt Spark of the Enthuſiaſm of *Parnaſſus* in my Compoſition.—— To be ſo deficient in Vanity, which, if I am not miſtaken, may be reckoned an inſeparable Characteriſtic of a Poet.

THIS Trifle, SIR, would not preſume to interrupt you, when engaged in matters of Conſequence. It only begs leave to pay it's Reſpects in an hour devoted to chearful Feſtivity.

I wiſh your Royal Highneſs a long, a merry, and a happy Life; and am,

*Your obliged*

*Devoted Servant.*

# PREFACE.

THIS Tale is—what very few Tales now-a-days are, --- true. The Hero of it no other than the Author himſelf. It was indeed *catching the* merriment *as it roſe*; for it was written in the New-market Coffee Room; ---- In which the Author, being elected a member of the Jockey Club, had the happineſs of paſſing ſeveral ſprightly good-humoured Evenings---Juſt when the whimſical Adventure happened, which is here related.

POETICAL Licence however (and is it not right that it ſhould be ſo?) has been taken. Particularly, in Juſtice to my own Perſon, I muſt declare that a certain figure of Speech, called by Rhetoricians Hyperbole or Exaggeration, has been made pretty free with.

MY

My Reaſons for publiſhing it are twofold. One is my own: The other I borrowed from Lord SHAFTESBURY. The former is, without flattery, the merit of the Poem. "Heyday!--- to be ſure!---why this is Impudence without "a Parallel;" ſays ſome Don Choleric or another.

I cannot agree with you there, Sir Teſty.-----Pardon me, Sir,---hear my Explanation. Theſe Verſes have had the honour of being approved by thoſe whoſe Taſte it would be the higheſt Arrogance in me to call in queſtion. Now, Sir, what have you to ſay to that?

THE latter is in order to let my friends have Copies of it, which they may be in no danger of not being able to read. And ſurely I may be rather excuſed for making the Preſs my Amanuenſis than the noble Lord, who might have had half a dozen Secretaries at his command. If I have not already ſaid enough, fifty other reaſons may be invented by my ingenious Readers.

AND now for the Critics — Pray, good Gentlemen, be quiet. Do not apply your confounded Squares and Compaſſes to a Performance, whoſe Beauty---if it has any---but that, you know, is underſtood---conſiſts in a careleſs eaſe. What have your grave Countenances to do here?---It is not

at

at all becoming in People of your Dignity and Conſequence, to keep company with *Cubs*. What the Deuce! can't a comical fellow take a hearty laugh, but one of you *ſage Philoſophers* muſt clap on a pair of damnation Spectacles, and ſtare him full in the Face, in order to find out Pimples upon his Noſe?

COMMEND me, however, as much as you pleaſe. Take full ſcope there. And for your further encouragement, if you will tickle my fancy with a few obliging encomiums, I promiſe you a SCOTCH-PINT-BOTTLE of mine excellent Hoſt * WILDMAN's beſt Claret; which, by the by, has been facetiouſly reckoned no ineffectual Bribe to one formidable *Baſhaw* amongſt you.

JESTING apart. My dear Boy CUB! go along; --- puſh thy way;---ſhift for thyſelf. All that is required of thee is, to relax the Muſcles of ſuch as have not got theſe organs of riſibility over and above conſtricted. —— Play thy Part well; and reſt aſſured of eternal applauſe from thy loving PROGENITOR.

* At the BEDFORD-HEAD.

# THE

# CUB,

## AT

# NEW-MARKET.

POETS, for moſt part, have been poor;

Experience tells us; —— Proof too ſure.

"Ay, may be ſo," Lord RICH exclaims,

Who Fortune's Will inceſſant blames,

"It may be ſo; but yet, confound 'em,

"They ſtill have Jollity around 'em."

PRAY, my good Lord! —— 'tis no Offence

To aſk by rules of common ſenſe, ——

Is not this diſtribution right? ——
At leaſt I view it in that light;
For 'tis but juſt that ev'ry Creature
Should have *ſome* favour from Dame Nature.

Rich ſhrugs his ſhoulders; —— "Why, perhaps,
"'Tis as you ſay" —— then ſudden ſlaps
His fiſt upon his buff-clad thigh,
And ſurly grunts, "Don't know, not I.
"But come, don't you your Promiſe fail,
"Do, give us now that ſame new Tale
"Of Mirth; —— 'twill ſerve my ſpleen t' appeaſe,
"And ſet my troubled mind at eaſe."

I will, my Lord! but hope you'll make
Allowance for a Youngſter's ſake.
"O never fear." —— Don't look ſo grim,
You ſeem diſpos'd my back to trim;

That

That Cudgel looks ſo wondrous ſtrong,
'Twould ſweep a dozen Tars along.

" Poh! Poh! this idle trifling! nay,
" Come, Sir, youdine with me to-day."

Bravo! my Lord! Oh, now I'm fee'd,
Wiſe as a Lawyer I'll proceed.

Lord E*******n, who has, you know,
A little daſh of whim, or ſo;
Who thro' a thouſand ſcenes will range
To pick up any thing that's ſtrange,
By chance a curious Cub had got,
On Scotia's Mountains newly caught;
And, after driving him about
Thro' *London*, many a diff'rent rout,

The comic Epiſodes of which
Would tire your Lordſhip's Patience each;
New-market Meeting being near,
He thought 'twas beſt to have him there;
And, that your Time I mayn't conſume,
View him in the *New Coffee-Room!*

THERE ſoon his noble Patron gay
Flies to his ſportive Friends away:
While the Poor Being hums a ſong,
Aſtoniſh'd to behold *a Throng*
Of DUKES and LORDS! —— Bleſs me! he thought;
Enchantment ſurely here has wrought!

SOMETIMES ſtock-ſtill he ſtood amaz'd,
And with a ſtupid wonder gaz'd;
Admir'd at ev'ry thing he ſaw,
Ev'n Spurs would his attention draw;

Much

Much more MILITIA COL'NELS GREAT!
The Bulwarks of BRITANNIA's State!
Whoſe ſtrut majeſtic made him ſhrink,
As on a Promontory's brink:
In ſhort, ſize, colour, voice, and ſhape,
Made our *Prodigious Hero* gape!
Such charms in Novelty we find,
Such it's effect on ev'ry mind.

SOMETIMES, he, with an awkard ſtride,
Would lift his legs, from ſide to ſide;
While Stars reflecting Phœbus' light
With beamy radiance ſtruck his ſight:
Then, as his viſive orbs grew dim,
Began to think ſome look'd at him;
And Baſhfulneſs, he knew not why,
Brought tears into his ſheepiſh eye.

What could the luckleſs fellow do?
For not a ſingle ſoul he knew.
At laſt a corner pure and ſnug
He chanc'd to ſpy, which made him hug
Himſelf with joy. —— There down he ſat,
Of Solitude fond as a Bat:
And like a man at point of death,
Scarcely ſqueez'd forth above his breath,
"Here, get me *Paper*, *Pen and Ink*,
"For, *Waiter*, I will write, I think."

And now, my Story, pauſe awhile;
Till I, in *Hudibraſtic* ſtile,
Attempt to give you as I can,
The Portraiture of this Wild Man.

He was not of the iron Race,
Which ſometimes Calidonia grace,

Tho'

Tho' he to Combat could advance ——
Plumpneſs ſhone in his Countenance;
And Belly prominent declar'd,
That he for Beef and Pudding car'd.
He had a large and pond'rous head,
That ſeem'd to be compos'd of lead;
From which hung down ſuch ſtiff, lank hair,
As might the crows in Autumn ſcare.

Two hours thus ſtudious paſt or more;
Afraid to venture on the floor,
He rather thought on ſomething new,
Nor dreamt he any notice drew.

SEDLEY, a truly worthy Knight,
In whom ſtrong ſenſe quick parts unite,
Whoſe humour of peculiar caſt
Surprizes you from firſt to laſt;

Who, tho' few really are more wiſe,
To look a little fooliſh tries;
And likes *Exotics* to diſcover,
As a fine Lady a new Lover;
To the confounded Put comes near,
Tips him at once a friendly leer,
And thus accoſts him: "How now, Squire?
"Why, you've already wrote a Quire;
"Yet ſtill continue to go on:
"What! will your labours ne'er be done?
"'Tis ſaid that you and EGLINTOUN
"Our Hiſtory are handing down:
"No doubt, 'twill be a Work compleat;
"All former Authors will be beat:
"Out with *Propoſals* —— for my ſhare,
"I'll inſtantly ſubſcribe, I ſwear."

JUST

JUST in the moment as he ſpoke,

The ſprightly PEER, with ſwitch of oak,

Popt in his noſe —— " Faith, good enough,

" Sir CHARLES my friend! You *Jockey* bluff!

" We'll give you leave —— no favour light ——

" Here to throw in a willing mite.

" You, to *Parnaſſus* who reſort,

" And the *Pierian* Ladies court,

" Come, touch us up a ſketch in rhime,

" And ſhew your genius —— now's the time.

" To the beſt * JUSTICE in the Nation ——

" The Squire I mean —— make Dedication;

" And I, who have a knack that way,

" Will whiſtle Notes to what you ſay:

" Nay, more, in attitude burleſque,

" Will draw the * CALIBAN groteſque;

* *The beſt Juſtice* — Mr. P——N.

† *The Caliban* — An Appellation ſometimes merrily beſtowed on a very ſenſible worthy Member, who loves a jeſt himſelf; and who admires the equitable Practice of *Give and Take*.

" Who in the Frontiſpiece ſhall ſtand,
" And, ludicrous, your mirth command."

THIS laſt Deſign was ſcarcely broach'd,
When, lo! the MONSTER fell approach'd!
The Juſtice in one arm he lugs,
And the thin Spectre onward tugs.

OUR CLOWN (like country mouſe of old,
'Bout which in HORACE we are told)
Quak'd timid, as, with horrid grin,
He ſaw HIM ſhake his triple chin;
Th' affrighted *Animal* would ſkulk,
And hide him from th' ENORMOUS BULK.

You'll eaſily believe, *My Lord!*
That this could no ſmall fun afford;

And ſet —— nay call me not queer Dog ——
Their *Gelaſticity* agog.

At firſt the circle held but few;
Till, as the loud laugh ſtronger grew,
Dukes, Lords, and Commons fondly join'd,
Eager the mighty joke to find:
Not one of 'em a ſentence ſpoke,
With peals of laughter like to choak;
Each as he came th' infection ſeiz'd,
And by his friend behind was teaz'd
With "What's the matter?" —— All at once,
The friend behind turns equal Dunce.

In ſhort, the Hounds, when in full cry,
Ne'er ſtruck with ſo much force the ſky,
As this blithe Chorus did aſſault
The Coffee-Room's reſounding Vault.

MEANTIME, Sir CHARLES, who *ſeem'd* to pry
Into the Jeſt, with aſpect ſly;
His viſage veiling with a gloom,
Slip'd to the middle of the room,
Pull'd half a dozen by the ſleeve,
And whiſper'd each; "You may believe,
"I'm forc'd to tell you what is true,
"Why, damn it, Sir! they laugh at *You*."

AND now, my Lord! —— And now, in end,
To what does all this Story tend?

IF you're ſo good as to allow,
I'd willingly the Moral ſhow.
"Ha! ha! my Boy! with all my heart; ——
"You're now to play a ſerious part.
"Wiſdom to learn from ſuch as you,
"Is ſurely ſomething very new."

YOUR

YOUR Lordſhip here then may obſerve,
That Nonſenſe frequently will ſerve
To ſet a table on a roar,
And drive dull Sadneſs out of door.
From whence, that Folly is at leaſt
Harmleſs, I think ſhould be confeſt;
And that in life it may be well,
Sometimes to hunt the *Bagatelle*.

LIKEWISE we ſee that Fate ne'er fails
To weigh things in impartial ſcales:
For, tho' ſome People are more bleſt,
With Underſtanding than the reſt,
She ſome external Oddity
Beſtows, which they themſelves can't ſee,
Or ſome particular defect,
Which, while they indolent neglect,

To Mortals of inferior ſort,
In harmleſs Satire ſerves for ſport.

THUS is the Ballance render'd even;
Here view the equity of Heaven.

FINIS.